

Anacreontic Garland;

*Being a Collection of Favourite SONGS,
sung at the Anacreontic Society, &c.*

- 1 With my jug in one hand and my pipe in the other.
- 2 To banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage.
- 3 Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
- 4 My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine.
- 5 Should I die by the force of good wine.
- 6 Let the grave, and the gay.
- 7 By the gaily-circling glass.
- 8 Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy.
- 9 Brisk wine and women.
- 10 The Hoghead of Port.
- 11 When Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat.



WOLVERHAMPTON: Printed by J. SMART.

The HAPPY FELLOW.

A FAVOURITE Three-Part SONG.

WITH my jug in one hand and my pipe in the other

I drink to my neighbour and friend,
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother.

For life I know shortly must end :
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow,
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
I've enough of my own for to mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consign'd ;
Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave no-
thing to pay.

But drop like a pear that is mellow,
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to lay,
He's gone, what a hearty good fellow !

To Banish LIFE'S TROUBLES.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage,
Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
Which made him forget all the cares of old age,
It bloom'd in his face, and made happy his Soul ;
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,

To the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial philosopher taught that the sun
Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main ;

That the planets would tipple away as they run,
 The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain;
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 'Tis the liquor of life and why should we refrain?
 Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold;
 Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
 Delightful alike to the young and the old.
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

Tho' BACCHUS may boast of his Care-killing BOWL.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care killing bowl,
 And jolly in thought drowning revels delights,
 Such worship alas hath no charms for the soul,
 When foster devotions the senses invite,
 To the arrow of fate or the canker of care,
 His potion oblivious, a balm may bestow;
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The spring of reflection's the birth of all woe.
 What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone,
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's run,
 The tender excess that enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.
 Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom.
 And well can I speak of it's joys and it's strife.

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The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life,
Come then rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish my soul,
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine.
That's mellow'd my friendship and sweeten'd by
love;
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by
love.

BACCHUS'S TUN.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)

Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed;

While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bucchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board :
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

The Force of Good WINE.

SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will when I fall, that a tun be my
shrine;

And for the age to come,
Engrave this story on my tomb :
Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And raise an everlasting name,
Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly interr'd:
Let misers and slaves
Sneak into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.

FRIEND and my GLASS.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass ;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,
The courter may lye,

And Croesus his treasure amass ;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain,
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymphs airs ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class ;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass,
 'Tis friendship and wine,
 Only life can refine :
 We care not what e'er comes to pass
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen,
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

THE GAILY-CIRCLING GLASS.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

The GOD of WINE.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
 Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
 Still exhilarates my soul
 With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive round;
 Then I feel in sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate, divine.

Then the sprightly music warms,
 Song delights and beauty charms:
 Debonnair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

WOMEN and WINE.

BRISK wine and women are
 The source of all our joys;
 A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
 And beauty never cloy.

Then let us drink and love,
 While yet our hearts are gay;
 Women and wine, by all approv'd,
 Are blessings night and day.

The HOGSHEAD of PORT.

MY time passes on ever cheerful and gay,
 For I've learnt the true art to drive sorrow
 away;
 And the remedy sure you'll allow of good sort,
 When I tell you it lies in a hogshhead of port.
 'Tho' I can't say I'm rich, yet I'm not very poor,
 I look without envy on those that have more,

Unenvied to pleasure's gay round they resort,
 Greater joys I derive from a hoghead of port.
 For Phillis I sigh'd, till I found with surprise,
 That a brimmer could sparkle, as well as her eyes,
 Then I left the fair charmer for others to court,
 And extinguish'd my flame in a hoghead of port.
 When age after pleasure forbid me to roam,
 With my bottle and friend I shall find it at home,
 For I'll lose not a moment since life is but short,
 Ever blest with my friend, and an hoghead of port.
 Hither come then, my friends, that are pleas'd with
 such fare,
 In full flowing bumpers we'll drown all our care;
 Hither come from the plains, from the city, or court,
 Here's plenty for all—here's a hoghead of port.

B I B O.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to re-
 treat,
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat and sit quiet!" stern Charon re-
 ply'd;
 "You may have forgot—you were drunk when you."

F I N I S.

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